

## DEBUTANTES HAVE THEIR INNINGS IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY

## Wilsons' Wedding Anniversary Recalls Rapid Rise of White House Bride—Elaborate Dances Scheduled for Holidays

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21. ALTHOUGH there is plenty doing right here in Washington—enough to keep us all busy on the go—yet our thoughts will stray overseas. Just now it is brides and brides, debutantes, teas, and dinners and dances and in the near distance charity balls and victory balls. And yet the main picture is always Paris, with an American President in it for the first time in history and his wife, the first lady of our land, the central figures of a series of fetes in which even Paris is outdoing herself.

It was just three years ago last Wednesday that the President and Mrs. Wilson were married. They celebrated their third wedding anniversary in Paris—apparently the quietest day they had had there—the President conferring with Col. House and Secretary Lansing and the allied envoys, Mrs. Wilson motoring through the shopping districts. From all accounts they did not even celebrate with "one of their everlasting family dinners."

But think what a career—what an absolutely unimagined career—that marriage three years ago opened up to Mrs. Norman Galt—a well-to-do, rather good looking, distinctly middle class Washington widow—not at all in the smart set—not even in the official set. A woman who had "come to forty years," and left it quietly behind her, who had no reason to expect that life held many thrills and who up to six months before her marriage probably had had less personal acquaintance with any one of our Presidents than the thousands who frequently attended White House functions.

You know it was said at the time that the state reception to the Pan-American scientists, which replaced the usual diplomatic reception in January, 1916, where Mrs. Wilson made her first appearance as the President's bride, was actually the first White House affair she ever had attended.

Look at those to whom she has had to play hostess since then. There has been no time in the history of the country when there has been such a constant and brilliant succession of notables from all over the world passing through Washington as in the last two years. Why there are lots of us here who have fairly hugged ourselves



MISS MARY ARCHER GLASS

that we were here and were meeting these people in the most casual and formal way. But she, why she has met them, not once but a dozen times. Not merely sat at the same table with them at a formal dinner, but chatted with them before the logs of one of the White House fireplaces, in the cozy intimacy of afternoon tea.

I will say that her head has not been in the least turned by it all. She is the same simple, unaffected, sweet mannered, sympathetic woman she was as Mrs. Norman Galt, a much more attractive person in actual contact than in mere perspective, and certainly as gracious a chatelaine as the White House has known within the memory of the present generation—with the possible exception of Mrs. Cleveland.

The reports from the other side tell of the President responding in English to addresses made to him in French, which he neither understands nor speaks. One remembers that when Joffre was here their intercourse had to be through an interpreter. As to the statements that Mrs. Wilson speaks French they are discreetly silent as to what sort of French. She probably does speak it. She travelled a good deal during the years of her widowhood—spent probably part of each year abroad. And she had undoubtedly picked up a working knowledge of French. But Mrs. Wilson certainly never had the advantage of French nurses and of years of French schooling, and in later life one rarely acquires ease and fluency, to say nothing of idiom and accent.

Passing of the McAdams. We are witnessing with sorrow the passing of the McAdams. Without reference to Mr. McAdams' public service, he and his wife have been personally most popular. All his personal attaches in the Treasury and in the office of the United States Railway Administration—those who have been brought into personal contact with him—have found him delightful, and are heartbroken that he is leaving. They seem to have the greatest admiration and respect for him, and many of them are leaving also.

As for Mrs. McAdams—if she is not entirely happy in her married life she is a consummate actress. She is ever so much better looking and better liked than she was as Miss Wilson, largely because she fairly radiates contentment with her lot and satisfaction and pride in her husband. She has recently been having two farewell "at homes"—last Wednesday and the week before—having each time a couple of the Cabinet women and a shoal of lesser official women.

There is a good deal of quiet entertaining for them going on—all sorts of P. P. C. parties that as they are being given as unostentatiously as possible must be regarded as expressions of real personal feeling.

The only large party as yet announced in the dinner John Skelton Williams and Mrs. Williams are giving for them Monday night in the Red Room of the Willard. That promises to be a brilliant affair and from Mr. Williams' official connection may be regarded as an official send-off.

It is understood that the McAdams will spend Christmas and the holidays in Washington, leaving town about January 5 for southern California, where Mr. McAdams will get the rest he has not been able to take for several years before settling down to the job of recording his personal fortunes, presumably in New York.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall are spending their Christmas right here in Washington. They went up to Charlie, Pa., yesterday for an address which Mr. Marshall undertook to make there, but they are due back this evening. They will eat Christmas

ORLANDO'S WINTER SEASON ON. ORLANDO, Fla., Dec. 21.—The opening of the Orlando Country Club for 1918-19 was a brilliant affair and marked the beginning of the social life of the winter in Orlando. Members and guests gathered at the clubhouse on Lake Adair for dinner served by the San Juan and Wyoming hotels. Many out of town guests attended this affair.

Golf is one of the favored pastimes of visitors to Orlando, and the links are in fine condition. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Tew of New York have arrived in Orlando for their sixth season here. They are pleasantly located at Toga Lodge. Other New York arrivals include Mrs. E. G. Rogers, O. R. Moody and Mrs. N. W. Woodman.

with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh "at Twenty-twenty"—Mrs. Marshall's way of speaking of the Walsh house at 2020 Massachusetts avenue—just a quiet family dinner.

On Christmas eve they will light just one in their own apartments at the Willard for their small ward, Morrison Marshall. It is particularly the baby's party, with, of outsiders, only those who are really interested in the baby, and with the maids and the chauffeur as guests. It is not clear in my mind whether the Marshalls have definitely decided to adopt the little chap.

Most of the rest of the Cabinet are planning similar quiet home Christmas celebrations. The Gregorays will have their two sons at home for the day. The Danglesees are a big family, never so happy as when they can all get together in a family party. Usually the boys bring quite a number of their mates with them. The Bakers are a quiet little family and this Christmas will be even more so than usual, since Mrs. Baker is only just recovering from a serious illness.

The holidays belong to the deb and the sub-deb and Washington just now belongs to the deb, whose name is legion. Never has there been so

large and so brilliant a group of debutantes as have blossomed this winter in the wake of the war. Perhaps Mildred Bromwell, who came out a week ago, is as typical an example as any one could select. Mildred herself is entirely charming, she is one of the prettiest things that ever happened, anyhow—in flesh colored tulle over silver. Her mother, Mrs. Charles Bromwell, was stunning in black velvet with a particularly graceful sort of bolero of silver lace. Her grandmother, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, former president-general, D. A. R., through two brilliant terms, was the typical stately grande dame in black velvet and priceless lace.

Her granddaughter's debut was the most entirely satisfying function of the sort that the season has produced—and it has been a brilliant debutante year. I think I have never seen a more thoroughly representative throng than gathered in the Scott drawing rooms that afternoon (Mrs. Bromwell and her daughter make their home with Mrs. Scott)—representative of so many of the diverse elements that make up Washington society. Apparently the three generations had each asked all their friends. Mrs. Scott is of course of the old regime.



MISS AUGUSTA GLASS

## News of Hotels and Restaurants

Thomas Healy's "Three Ring" Cabaret.

Reservations are now being booked for the special New Year's eve celebrations to be held in all three dining rooms of Thomas Healy's restaurant. Extremely confident that New York will celebrate the incoming of the young New Year such as it never has before, Mr. Healy has made extensive preparations to accommodate record breaking crowds in all three departments of his dining establishment.

"New York has never experienced such an era of prosperity," said Mr. Healy in outlining his plans. "The sudden termination of the war and the return of the brave fighting boys will prove an incentive for the greatest celebrations New York has known in years. Those who were inclined to practice economy to the extreme on account of war time are certain where their finances stand, and these two will take their places with the army of men who will dedicate the infant 1919 to a reign of revelry and good cheer." In the Golden Glades a special New Year edition of "The Victory Revue" will hold forth.

In the interpretation Mr. Healy has combined the musical comedy and vaudeville stages to assemble a galaxy of stars such as never before appeared in an individual production.

Gossler's Revue "Tree Chic."

Life and gaiety at Gossler's Campus Restaurant seem ever present. Even Baldwin's new revue, "Tree Chic," is action from start to finish, and being a new departure from restaurant entertainments is just one more reason why the throngs are making a rendezvous of that popular dining place. The neighborhood intimacy compels the audience to feel part and parcel of the proceedings and society seems to be fond of the clean, wholesome, refined tabloid productions which is proved by their frequent pilgrimages to this uptown hostelry.

Ruby Norton Makes Hit in "Here and There."

The festivities at Reisenweber's Columbus Circle restaurant will be rather unusual even for the Yuletide period, for beginning with Christmas eve attractions will be added to each of the present diversions that will undoubtedly mark a new era for restaurant entertainments. On Christmas eve a special matinee of the revue "Here and There" will be given in the main restaurant, and another matinee will be presented on New Year's day, with but little variation from its preceding performance. It is in "Here and There" that Ruby Norton and Midge Miller have made such decided hits, and the Eastman Sisters have loomed up such strong contenders for stellar honors that this clever team of sisters fair to hold Reisenweber's audiences for many months to come.

All of the seven rooms at Reisenweber's will be in full blast on New Year's eve. Dancing, jazz bands, string



RUBY NORTON

STAR OF REISENWEBER'S REVUE

"The Little Club" in the 14th Street Theatre Building.

The most cosmopolitan place in New York is "The Little Club" in the Forty-fourth Street Theatre Building, presided over by Billie Allen and Helen Maxwell. The atmosphere is of both New York and Paris, due to the charming decorations which adorn the interior, which is filled with beautiful women handsomely gown, and in which their soft laughter mixes with the sensuous strains of the splendid orchestra. It is filled nightly with many persons of prominence in the social, business and pleasure world of the metropolis. An excellent chef provides delicate suppers. It is doubtful if there are two other hostesses in New York who have the following which go where Billie Allen and Helen Maxwell preside, and they have rightfully been called the two most beautiful of all the hostesses in this metropolis. To be a nightly patron of "The Little Club" is to be a member of the most aristocratic and exclusive rendezvous in New York. Special festivities have been provided for New Year's eve, and a regular supper at \$10 a plate will be served then.

Her sister was Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, and she was one of the social leaders of the Cleveland regime, when her daughters were reigning belles.

Mrs. Bromwell of course was away a good deal after her marriage, but her husband had charge of public buildings and grounds during a good part of the Roosevelt regime, and Mrs. Bromwell was naturally a leader in the younger married set. And for the last three or four years since Col. Bromwell's death they have been back here, with either the Vroomans—Mrs. Carl Vrooman is also Mrs. Matthew Scott's daughter—or with Mrs. Scott.

Among the most popular of the young beaux is young Ned Lane, whose name is really Franklin K. Jr., just back from thrilling adventures overseas. He had been for the first day or two after he arrived carefully

correcting all his friends who addressed him, or introduced him, as Lieut. Lane of the naval aviation, reminding them that he was merely an Ensign. Then he went to the department to report, and discovered that he had been Lieut. for nearly two months, quite unknown to himself. He is not, however, half so ready to correct people who call him Ensign now as he was when they called him Lieutenant.

Of course Ned is in great demand for the debutante dances. He would be anywhere, but with the added halo of heroism—well, if his erstwhile level young head is not completely turned it won't be the girls' fault. Mrs. Lane admits that she had not dreamed there were so many dances. I don't believe there is a night for the next month when there is not a dance for one of

the debutantes on—with, of course, all the others invited.

Friday night the Grinnells had one for Elizabeth, to-night the Grafs have one for Olive. Monday the Zeldvirs, the Minister of Salvador and his hand, some English wife, have one for Julia Zeldvir—the one diplomatic debutante of the year.

Tuesday night—Christmas eve—there are several, but the one that people generally are most interested in is what purports to be a small one that the Colville Barclays are giving—I believe at the British embassy. Colville Barclay is counselor of the embassy, and in the absence of Lord Reading charge d'affaires. There is a ball for the benefit of the Children's Country Home, which is always the one dance on Christmas night, and several others next week.

## FRENCH OFFICER PRAISES BOYS

Continued from Eighth Page.

have not forgotten your kindness toward them. Many of them are gone beyond this world now, but those who carry on will ever be grateful to you for the good you have done us, and I, coming over here, could not possibly fail to tell the American public at large what you did over there and what you still intend doing.

"And let me say that the people of the Alsace Department are eternally grateful to the 'bonnes dames Americaines,' and that you have in that country most nobly represented the spirit and the charity of America. To you both, to all the women working over there and over here for the Committee for Devastated France, goes the love and admiration of France."

"I know that you are trying to rebuild and restore anew this twice devastated country of ours, once so beautiful. I know that you will have no difficulty in these festive times, especially when the spirit of Christmas and charity is abroad and when all American women's hearts are open; let me, in your name, make an appeal to all—let me engage all here, also, to 'go their limit' and place their resources at your disposal—to help you in your glorious and true American work over there."

And then Major Mercadier turned to, or rather turned upon, the Kent interview.

"What do I think of Barton's Kent article in the Baltimore Post? I was astounded that such a thing could be written by a journalist. My father was a journalist, one of the greatest and oldest in the world, and he always taught (when at the beginning of my career I worked under him) that the great quality of a journalist was conscience—that a journalist must try to bring to his readers the truth; must show them things as things are."

"I take Mr. Kent's article to be a

great falsehood from one end to the other. That article is the finest form of German propaganda; willingly or unwillingly, Mr. Kent played the game for the Germans. I have seen his article printed in all the pro-German papers, on the first page, with enormous headlines. I have not seen my denial printed in that way, and I am sorry for it. I found one once; it was at the bottom of the eleventh page, and no one ever saw it, I guess."

"I also take the Kent article for a direct and gross insult to all of us, your allies. The way he has been received and treated in Europe; the way in which for four and a half years the Allies have borne the strain of continuous hard fighting, our sufferings, our miseries, our losses—all that would, I think, have spared us at least any insults from a true American gentleman."

"I know Baltimore well, and I have great friends there. I am indeed sorry that it is a Baltimore newspaper that launched in the press such rotten and pre-German stuff. 'There is not much difficulty in refuting this article word for word, but I doubt if I have authority to do so. But let me ask SUN readers to read the answer that was made to Mr. Kent by one of our greatest journalists, the editor of the Matin, M. Stephane Lauzanne. If they read it they will have an idea of the exact worth of that article. M. Lauzanne's rejoinder ought to be printed on the first page of all the big loyal American papers in the country. That rejoinder, and the way in which it is written by a journalist, and the French are greeting your President, representing the American nation, will be the best answer to such pro-German stuff."

"There may be differences between us, but there will never be any that cannot be settled in an amicable spirit; that is certain; and we shall stick together. We Allies have fought out the hardest war that ever was. All our

ideals are the same. We fought in defense of our homes and in defense of Justice and Liberty. Our war is not over and will not be until we have made this world, as we swore we would, a decent place to live in."

"We have still a lot of work before us, and we have to realize that though the Germans may not fight us in the field any more they are counter attacking us as hard as they can at the present moment by their propaganda, of all kinds. Let us fight this out and let us beware of Germans and pro-Germans. Those people are a thousand times as dangerous as spies and propagandists than as fighters in the field. Let each of us carry on against them, fight them and rout them as our boys did their field gray hordes over there."

"What can I say more. I leave with regret America, the Americans, and particularly the American Army. I am a regular army man. I admire and love your soldiers. There are none finer in the world. I have been proud indeed and happy to fight and work with them; in fact, they have made me feel that were I not a Frenchman I should be proud and happy to be an American."

"Washington in a letter to Rochambeau in 1784 wrote: 'We have been contemporaries and fellow laborers in the cause of liberty, and we have lived together as brothers should do in harmonious friendship.' Well, that applies to-day, and more than ever, to French and American soldiers, to French and American men, and women. We have been and we are indeed 'fellow laborers and brothers' in the cause of liberty, and we shall remain so throughout the future years. No dirty German propaganda will ever bring us apart. If it tries to, we shall destroy it as we would a snake in the grass and continue our way together, arm in arm, in the fullest love and confidence along the path of freedom."

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